

# ALIEN APOCALYPSE 2006



By KATHY GLASS • Illustrated  
by SPAIN and HARRY S. ROBINS



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“The crown knocked from the tower by the lightning-flash is the materialistic notion that matter and form are the ruling principles of existence. The scythe of death . . . breaks down existing forms in order to make room for new ones.”

—Paul Foster Case, Tarot Card Number 16

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Berkeley, California

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Published by Frog, Ltd.

Frog, Ltd. books are distributed by  
North Atlantic Books  
P.O. Box 12327  
Berkeley, California 94712

Spot illustrations by Harry S. Robins

Cover and book design by Paula Morrison

Printed in Singapore

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North Atlantic Books' publications are available through most bookstores. For further information, call 800-337-2665 or visit our website at [www.northatlanticbooks.com](http://www.northatlanticbooks.com).

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Glass, Kathy.

Alien apocalypse 2006 / Kathy Glass ; illustrations by Spain and Harry S. Robins  
p. cm.

ISBN 1-883319-63-3

1. Science fiction comic books, strips, etc. I. Spain. (Cartoonist) II. Title.

PN6727.G63 A78 2001

741.5'973—dc21

97-025406

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 / 05 04 03 02 01



## Foreword by Kathy Glass

**E**ver since humans invented calendars, we've put an end to time. Energy (including technology) follows thought, and by this logic we've been predicting our doom for centuries. We've also been seeking our salvation. For both we tend to look OUT THERE. In response to paranoid visions of doom as well as forecasts on the New Age, we have ... aliens. In 1959 Carl Jung identified UFOs as harbingers of change in the collective psyche. Are aliens and their craft essentially a universal archetype? Or just a psychosocial delusion? Maybe it's all a huge educational program of cosmic consciousness conditioning. If Roswell was only a weather balloon, why are there classified files on it? Some say the US military has been exploiting recovered extra-terrestrial technology since at least 1947, with these secret intelligence operations supplemented by public denial efforts. The entire computer/fiber-optics industry, including of course the Internet, is said to be back-engineered from machinery recovered at Roswell. We got Velcro from that event too.

Aliens are fact masquerading as fiction—get used to it! We cut a deal more than 50 years ago and have been taken over already. Maybe you believe this, maybe you don't; but you can't deny it. We all knew Reagan was an alien. At least he was something not human; "alien" was as good as anything. After he served his purpose they took his memory away. Then there was George the Second or Dubya—if there ever was a unit that looked as though it was operating under remote

control, that's it, except for his slight time-delay feature. I know the signals are coming faster than light, but they're from far enough away that the warp showed.

Ever had the thought that the people in power don't seem human? That they are alien walk-ins working to make the Earth safe and comfortable for machines, the native species be damned? How else to explain ecological suicide? It's time to ask some tough questions. Like, does modern science represent the expression or repression of our most far-reaching intelligence and powers? How can we justify gobbling up all the Earth's life-sustaining resources and resident life-forms in a few generations? Will our planet soon succumb to a galactic GATT treaty of interstellar laws and commerce? Can the multinational corporations get much bigger and more disempowering than they already are without becoming extraterrestrial? Will the Multigalactic Amalgamated Xenophobic Assimilation Machine (MAXAM) target the Earth to be a toxic dump for other planets? Perhaps we the masses will fall victim not to a brutal, obvious oppression but a slick, market-research type of oppression/subliminal manipulation, so that we think we're having a good time, glued to Truman Show-type TV while someone else steals real life. What, you don't think having 50 varieties of sugared breakfast cereal represents free will and true choice? To the cosmic anthropologist the whole Americanized organization of our economy, invisible to virtually all within it, is as bizarre and cruel as the most "primitive" African or South American Indian rite. We are ruled by the idiotic totem-beast named "what-sells." At Galaxy Central they classify ours as "a classic fetishism of the commodity." Our meaningful values are solely cash values. And, reports the anthropologist with amazement, we pretend that this "relative logic of signs" is an "absolute sense of rationality."

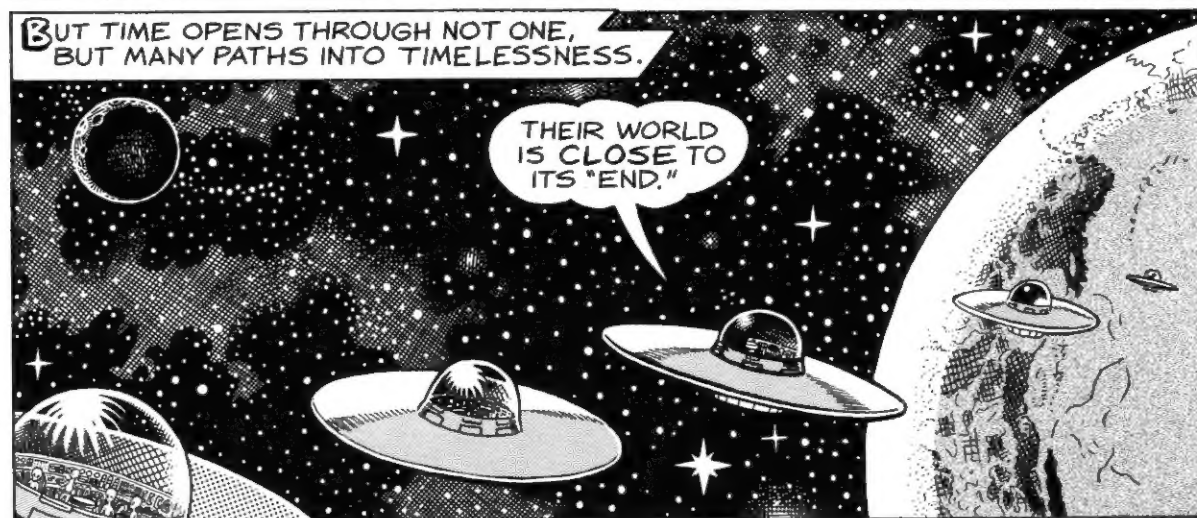
Who you jivin' with that cosmic debris, anyway? You don't know enough about yourself to guess at who "they" are. Our species can't even think like a whole planet, much less operate as a member of a galactic community. We are "alienated" from the larger universe. Hell, the average American's consumption-driven lifestyle is alien to most other folks on the planet. What is this consumer stupor but advanced mind (and wallet) control?

Yet ETs and UFOs compel us to look toward our greater destiny. Like LSD, alien contact liberates the mind from the dominant cultural paradigm. Aliens (good or bad, real or fictive, allies or exploiters) insist that we more deeply ponder our exact standing in the universe. Our lives are paranormal. But for some strange reason we find it easier to buy into the image of a TV commercial than a vision of extramundane reality.

Money is the universal virus. The human race is morally and spiritually asleep. Our planetary transformation is getting closer all the time. You can almost feel it coming, if you feel at all. True intelligence is not about grabbing the most the fastest (robots are better at that than we are anyway). It's an alignment with the matrix of creation and the forces of good. The end of the world may only be the end of history as we know it. It will be UFOria. Don't just watch it all on the big screen. BE IT.







# ALIEN APOCALYPSE 2006

'ATYPICAL  
SPRING'



HEY, THESE PLANTS ARE GETTING  
TOO BIG TO BE HERE NEAR THE HOUSE.  
LET'S TAKE THEM OUT TO THE  
FIELD SOON, EH, BUZZ?

THWAP THWAP THWAP



SHIT!

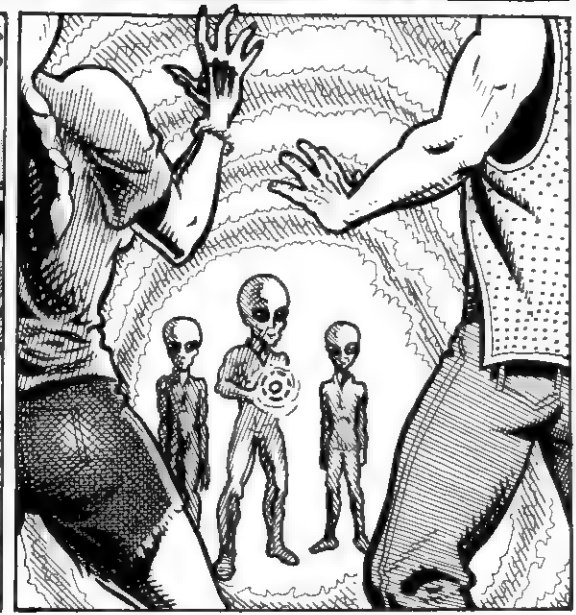
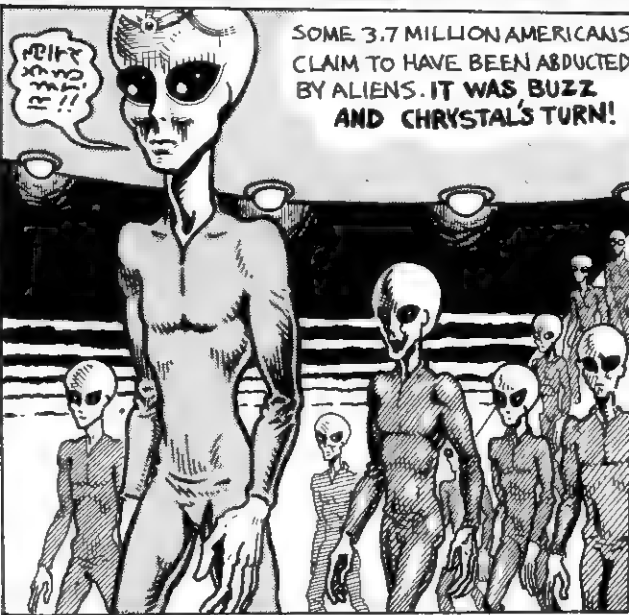
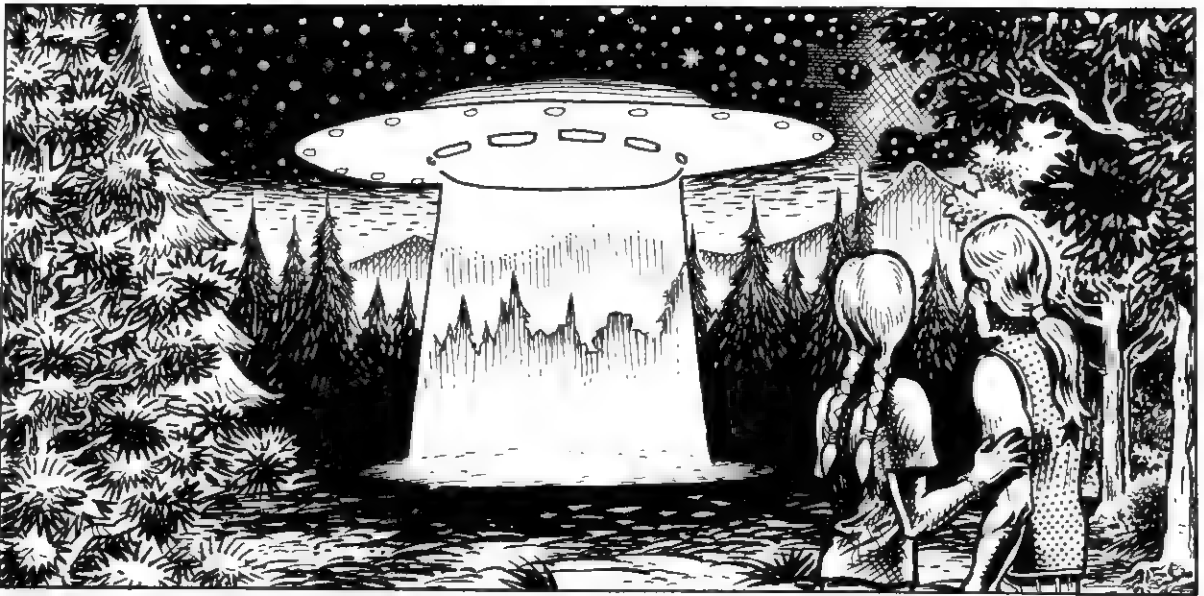
ASSHOLES!



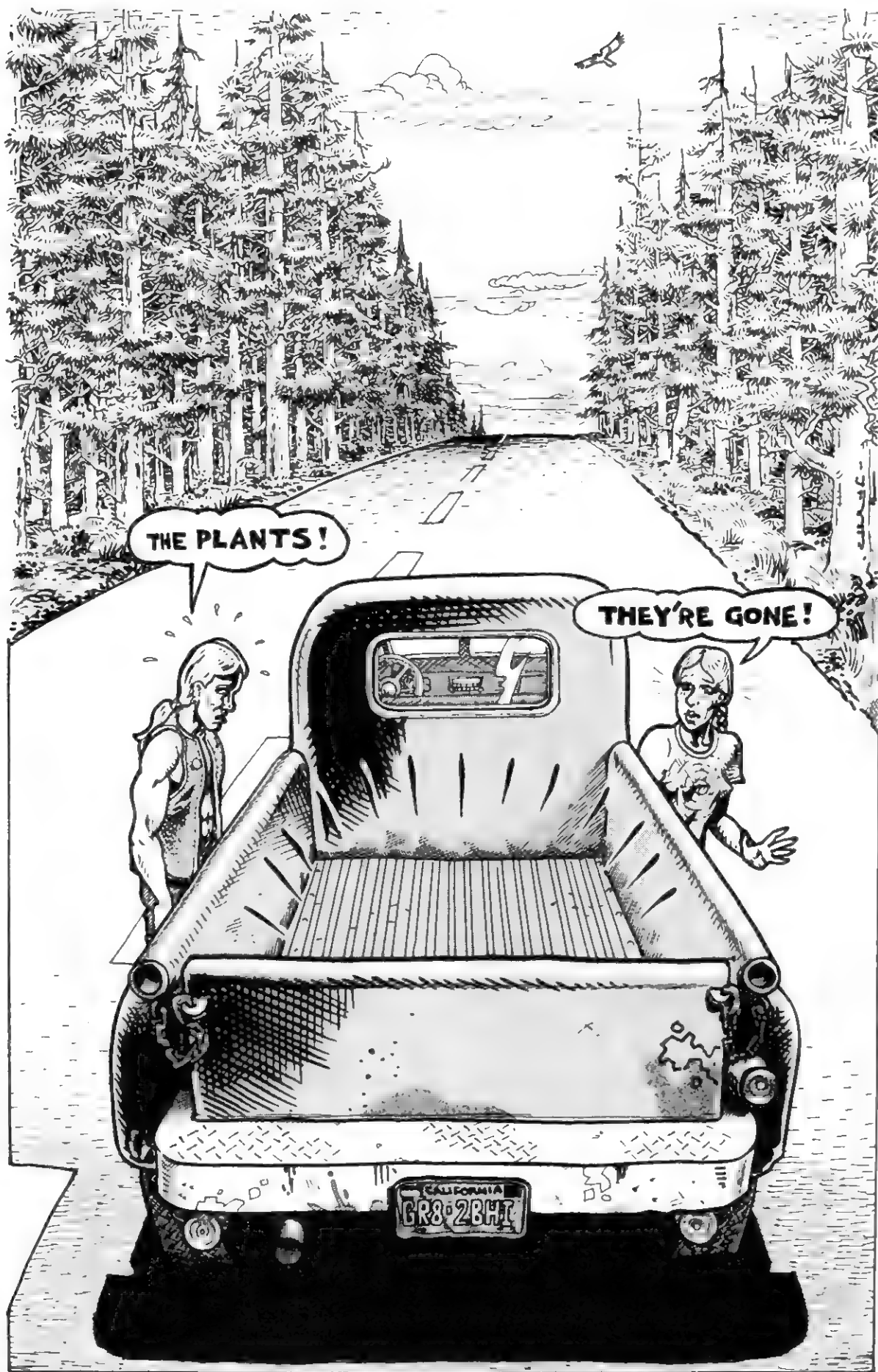
YEAH,  
THE HELICOPTERS ARE ALREADY  
FLYING IN SOME PLACES. BESIDES, IT'S  
BASEBALL SEASON, AND YOU KNOW THE WISDOM: GET  
YOUR PLANTS IN THE GROUND BY SPRING TRAINING AND  
YOU'LL BE SITTING BACK TRIMMING THE HARVEST BY  
WORLD SERIES. HEH, HEH!





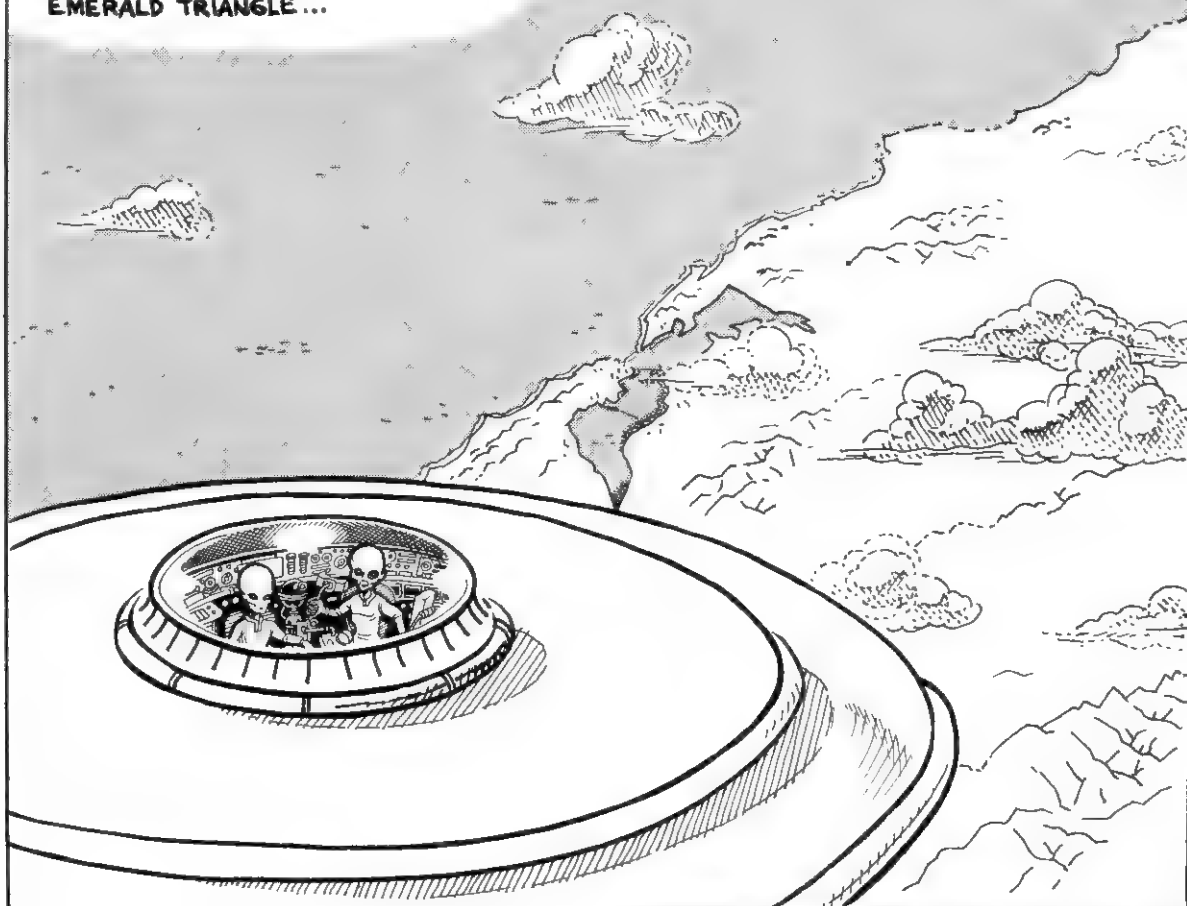




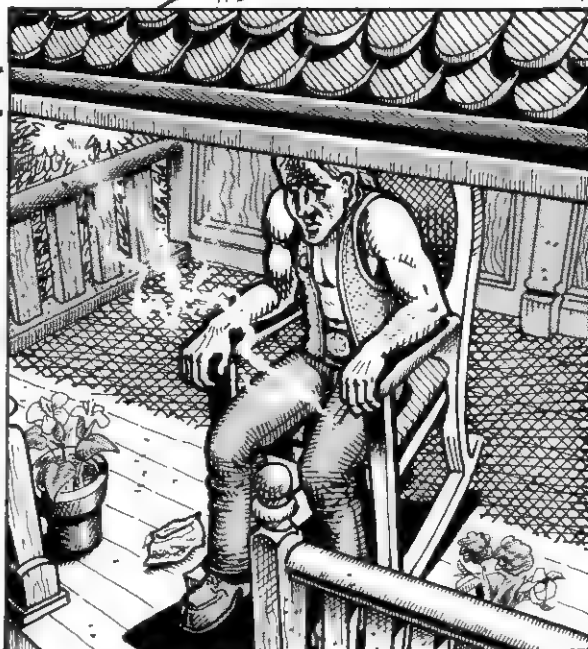


# ALIEN APOCALYPSE

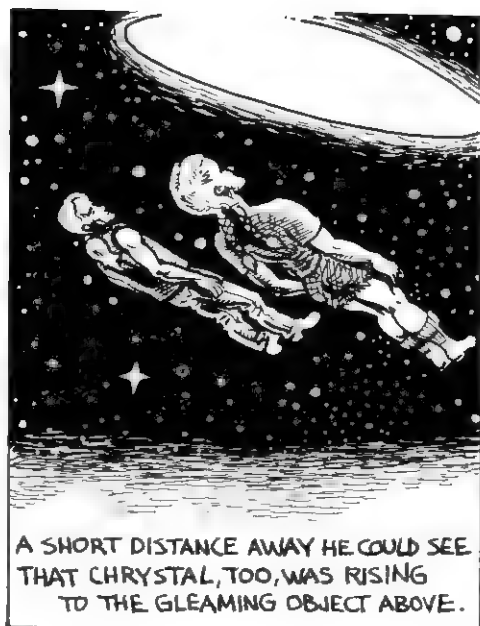
FAR ABOVE BUZZ AND CHRYSTAL'S ABODE,  
AN ALIEN CRAFT PREPARES ITS DESCENT  
INTO NORTHERN CALIFORNIA'S LUSH  
EMERALD TRIANGLE...



FAR BELOW, AS BUZZ SMOKED A  
FATTIE ON HIS PORCH, THE DRONING HUM OF  
CICADAS LULLED HIM INTO A HYPNOTIC  
STUPOR. IT SOUNDED LIKE... THE  
BACKGROUND ENGINE NOISE... WHEN  
HE WAS ON THAT SPACESHIP! IT WAS  
COMING BACK TO HIM. THEY HAD BEEN  
ABDUCTED BY ALIENS THAT NIGHT...



WE REMEMBERED RISING UP  
THROUGH THE COOL NIGHT AIR AS  
THE HUMMING GREW LOUDER.

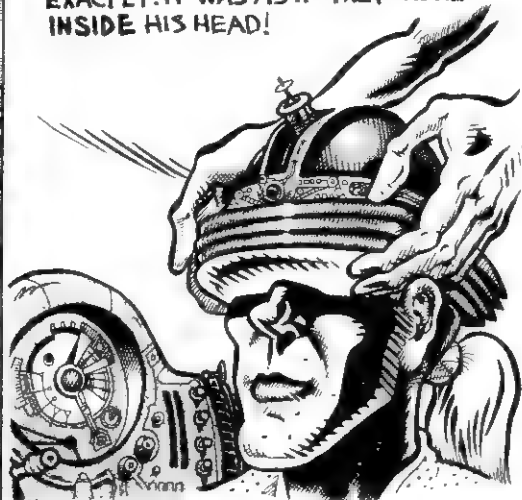


A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY HE COULD SEE  
THAT CHRYSTAL, TOO, WAS RISING  
TO THE GLEAMING OBJECT ABOVE.



THE NEXT THING HE  
REMEMBERED WAS  
CHRYSTAL STANDING  
THERE NUDE, SURROUNDED  
BY CURIOUS ALIENS.

SOMETHING WAS PUT OVER HIS HEAD.  
HE BEGAN TO SEE IMAGES. NOT "SEE"  
EXACTLY. IT WAS AS IF THEY WERE  
INSIDE HIS HEAD!



HE SAW A PLANET,  
AT FIRST LUSH AND VIBRANT.



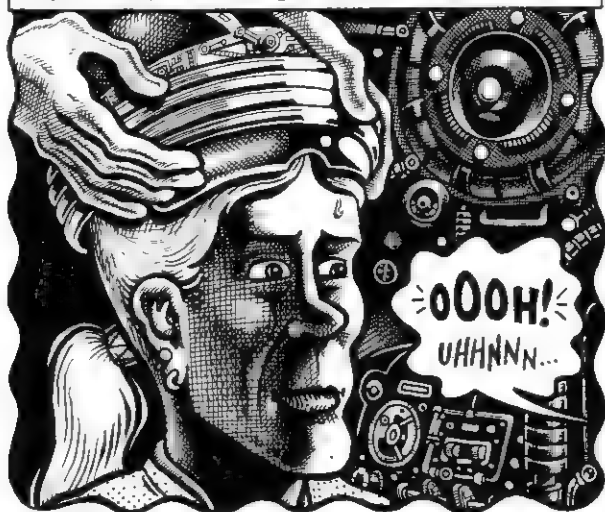
THEN IT CHANGED. WIDESPREAD ECOLOGICAL  
DISASTER DEVASTATED THE ENTIRE CIVILIZATION.  
HE FELT A PROFOUND DESPAIR.

SOME OF THE PLANET'S BEINGS HAD ENTERED INTO TRADE WITH THE NASMORK, A RACE FROM A NEARBY SYSTEM WHO HAD BECOME RUTHLESS EXPLOITERS OF THE REAL WEALTH OF WORLDS-- THEIR BIOLOGICAL RESOURCES.



LONG, LONG AGO, FAR IN THE UNKNOWN PAST, THEY HAD REJECTED THE TRUE VALUE OF LIVING DIVERSITY TO EMBRACE A FALSE, MONETARY VALUE. THOUGH THEY WERE STAR-TRAVELLING ENGINEERS WHOSE INSTRUMENTALITIES WERE MIGHTY, WHAT WAS LEFT OF THEIR DECAYING BODIES HAD TO BE SUPPORTED BY MACHINERY. THEY WERE THE ONES WHO HAD SPREAD THE POISON THAT HAD ULTIMATELY DOOMED THE PLANET.

BUZZ FELT THE HELMET OF INSTRUCTION BEING REMOVED BY ALIEN HANDS...



HE SAW CHRYSTAL PROBED BY THE ALIENS' DEVICES. A PART OF HIS MIND WAS SURPRISED THAT HE FELT NO OUTRAGE OR OBJECTION.



LATER, THEY WERE BOTH SHOWN THE SHIP'S HYDROPONIC BATH WHERE THEIR SEEDLINGS, TAKEN BY THE ALIENS, NOW GREW...

YOUR SPIRITUAL ENERGY, AND THE VITAL FORCE FROM YOUR BODIES, HELPED GROW THESE PRECIOUS PLANTS. THIS FORM OF ENERGY IS OF GREAT USE TO US.



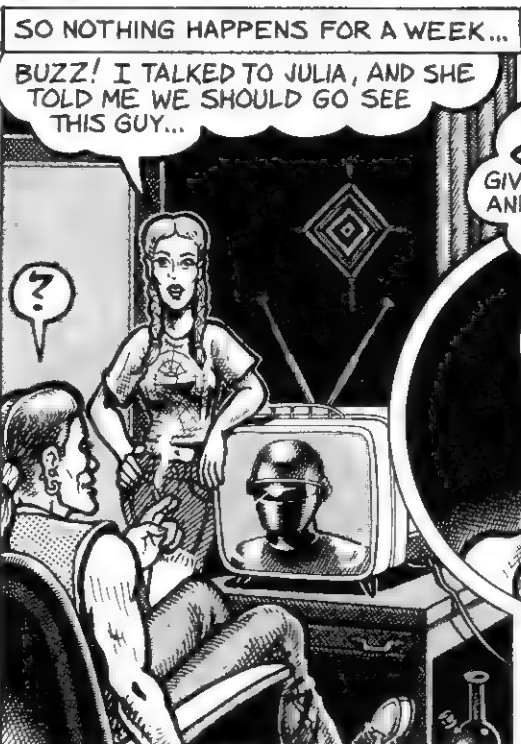
THE EXPRESSION ON HER FACE WAS SO AMBIGUOUS THAT IT EITHER SHOWED ECSTASY OR AGONY BEYOND ALL COMPREHENSION.

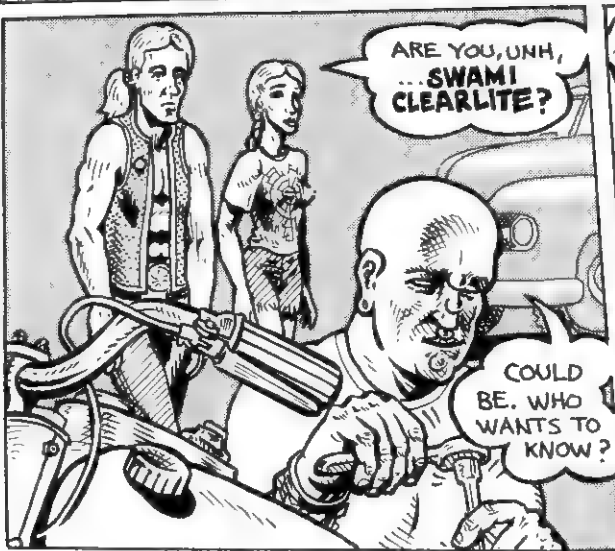
PRAK, THE FOREMOST ALIEN, HAD REVEALED MANY THINGS TO THEM THAT NIGHT.

NOW YOUR WORLD APPROACHES ITS POINT OF CRISIS. WE WILL HELP YOU SURVIVE IT, IF THAT IS WHAT YOUR NATURE'S DESIRE. UNTIL THEN, YOU WILL NOT BE TROUBLED BY WHAT WE TELL YOU HERE...

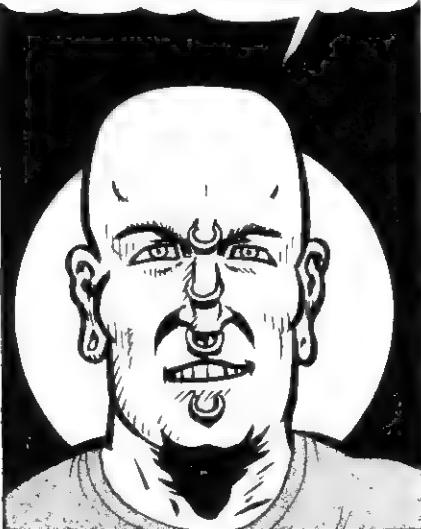








WELL IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GONNA  
BE ABDUCTED AGAIN... RIGHT  
AFTER JUDI BARI COMES BACK,  
RIDING ON A GIANT SPOTTED OWL.



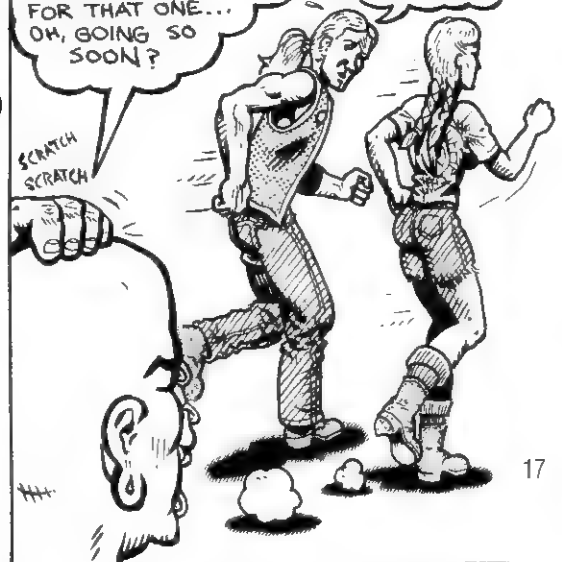
SHOULD WE WORRY  
ABOUT THE BEAST  
FROM 20,000  
FATHOMS?

JEEZE!



YEAH, YOU SHOULD  
ACTUALLY WATCH OUT  
FOR THAT ONE...  
OH, GOING SO  
SOON?

WE GOTTA GO  
BRUSH OUR  
TEETH NOW.



THE SEARCH FOR A SPIRITUAL GUIDE CONTINUES ...



FINALLY... I, HIS DIVINE GRACE **SWAMI SAMPRAYUKTAKA\*** FORESAW YOUR ARRIVAL. I SHALL PROVIDE THE HELP YOU HAVE SOUGHT...



GEE, BUZZ, HE SEEMS AUTHENTIC.

I WILL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY, BUZZ. AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, EACH INDIVIDUAL **CHAKRA** MUST BE PAINSTAKINGLY EXAMINED.



FIRST, THE **ASTRAL AURA** MUST BE EVOKED BY: **AHEM:** THE REMOVAL OF ALL CONSTRICTING GARMENTS...



ARE YOU **SURE** ABOUT THIS?

OH, YES!

UGH! AS IF!

"FOR ENLIGHTENMENT TO BEGIN, THE PANTIES MUST COME DOWN!"



C'MON, BUZZ! THIS GUY'S A TOTAL **PHONY!!** !?





SO NONE OF THEM COULD GIVE YOU ANY HELP? NOT EVEN CLEARLITE, HUH?

AHH, HE WAS JUST NUTS! AND THAT SWAMI, OR WHATEVER HE WAS, WAS JUST A GODDAMNED CREEP!

WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...



WE'RE JUST SO CONFUSED-- NOTHING'S GETTING ANY CLEARER! BUT WE WERE CHOSEN BY THEM TO DO SOMETHING. WHAT WAS IT? AND-- NOBODY CARES!

AS IF ANYBODY EVEN BELIEVES US TO BEGIN WITH...



WE KNOW THEY'RE OUT THERE, BUT EVERYONE SEEMS TO THINK IT'S ONE BIG JOKE!



LOOK-- FROM WHAT YOU TOLD ME, THEY WARNED YOU ABOUT THE THREAT TO EARTH'S ECOLOGY. SO WHY NOT JOIN US? WE'RE GOING UP ON SUNDAY TO PUT OUR BODIES BETWEEN THE CHAINSAWS AND THE OLD-GROWTH FOREST!

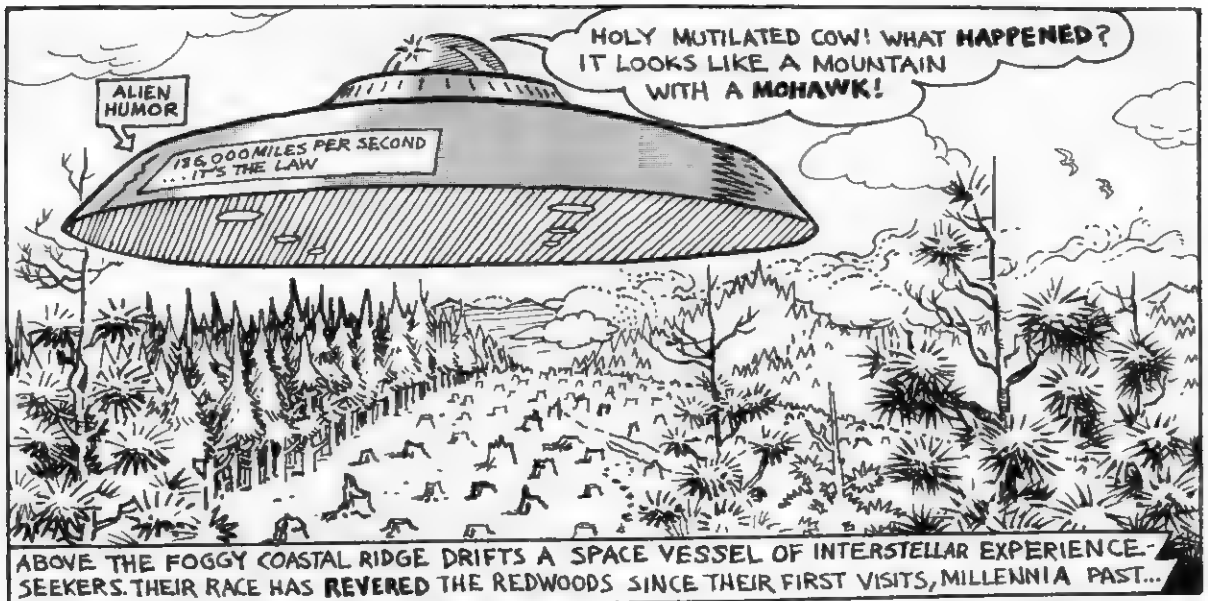
IT'S BETTER THAN WAITING AROUND-- THANKS, JULIA!

HMM...

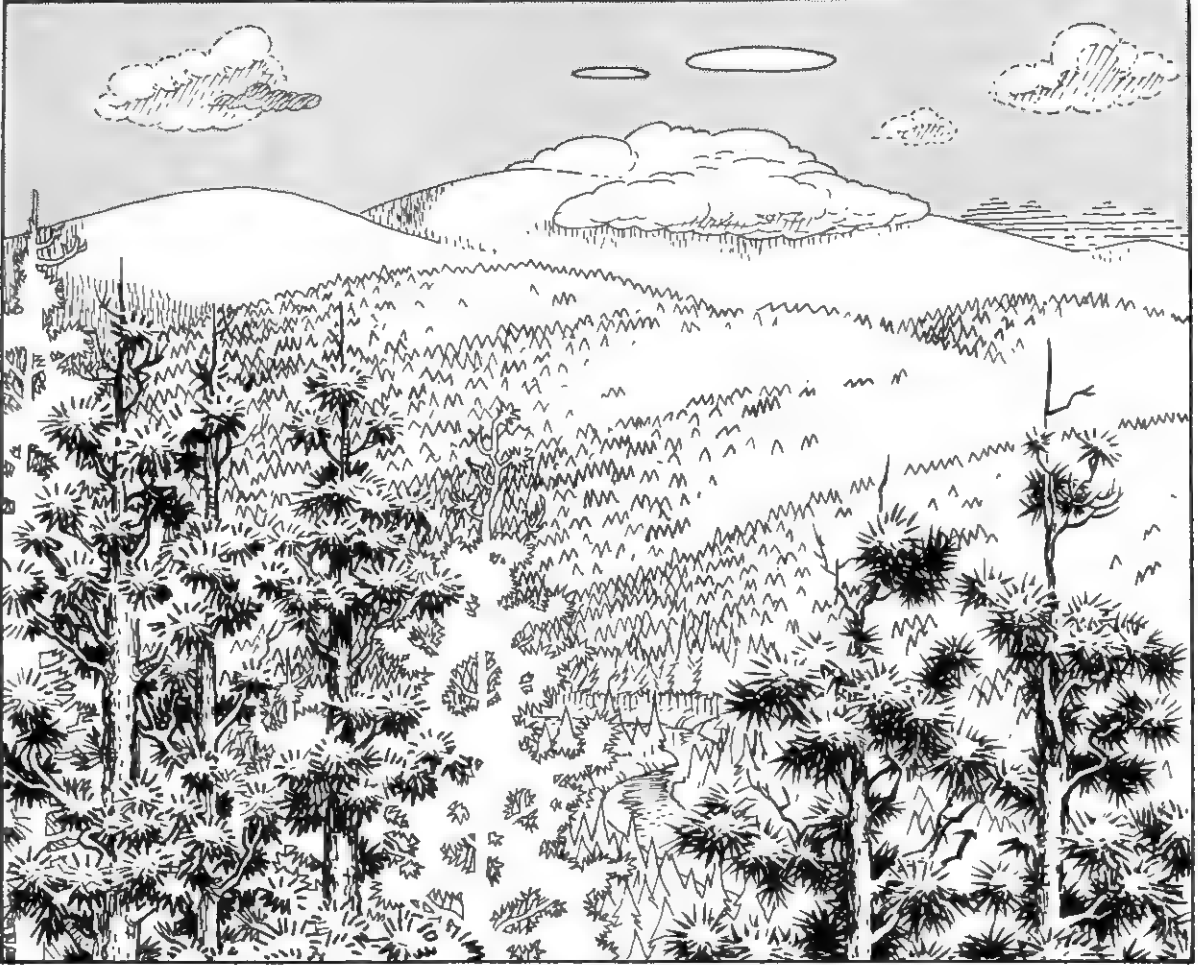


A SHORT TIME LATER

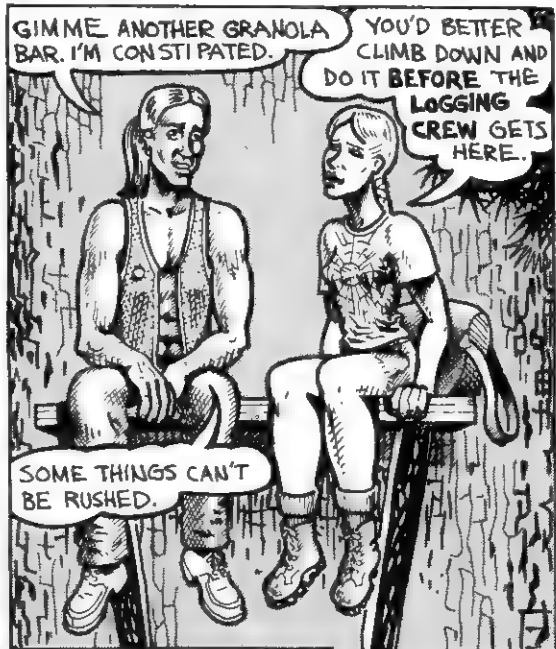




CALIFORNIA IS A NATURAL MAGNET FOR E.T.S AND ALIENS, AND NOT ONLY BECAUSE THEY BLEND IN WITH THE **OTHER FREAKS**. IT'S THE **TREES** (NOT THE CHEESE) THAT DRAW CREATURES HUNGRY FOR CONTACT WITH **HIGHER VEGETATION**. BESIDES THE BEST **POT**, THE **TALLEST** AND **OLDEST TREES ON EARTH** ARE FOUND IN CALIFORNIA. **HEADWATERS FOREST** IS NOT A SANITIZED PARK, BUT A TRUE REDWOOD WILDERNESS, UNFORTUNATELY OWNED BY A **PREDACIOUS LUMBER COMPANY**.

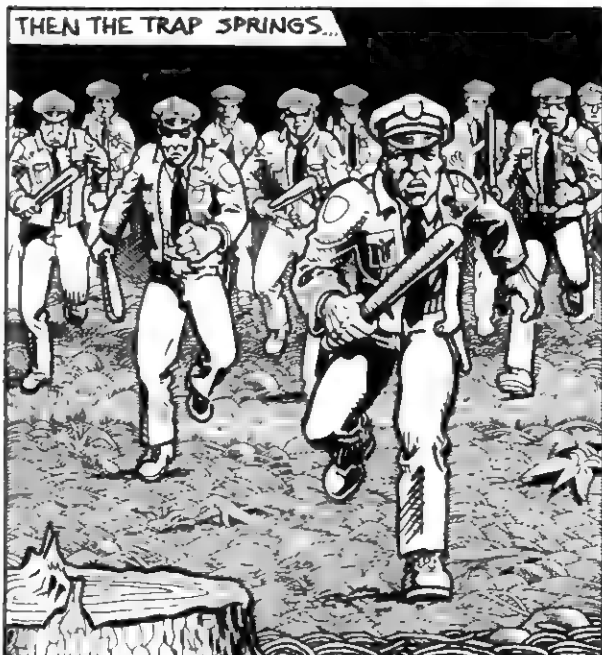


TO ALL INTELLIGENT LIFE FORMS, WANTON DESTRUCTION OF THE LAST ANCIENT FORESTS IS A SURE SIGN OF RAMPANT **STUPIDITY**.

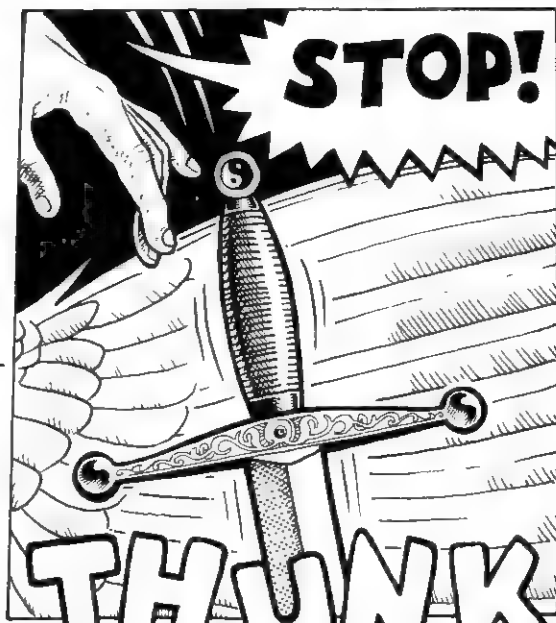


THIS FOREST IS THE **LAST HOPE** FOR CERTAIN ENDANGERED SPECIES, THE **HEADWATERS FOREST** IN HUMBOLDT COUNTY.









LET NO CREATURE BE HARMED! I HAVE BROUGHT THE SWORD OF ENLIGHTENMENT, NOT THE SWORD OF WAR!



MY ARM! WHY THE ANIMAL DIDN'T EVEN BREAK THE SKIN!



I AM ONE WHO WAS JUDI BARI. IN MY LIFE I FOUGHT FOR THE EARTH. THEN MY SPIRIT FOUND NEW ALLIES IN THE STRUGGLE. NOW THE TIME DRAWS NEAR WHEN EACH MUST DECIDE WHETHER TO JOIN US-- OR FOLLOW THOSE TO DESTRUCTION WHO IN THEIR GREED, AND FOR THE BASEST OF REASONS, HAVE SOLD THEIR LAST CHANCE TO STAND WITH HUMANITY...



SASQUATCH...

AN OWL A GIANT SPOTTED OWL...



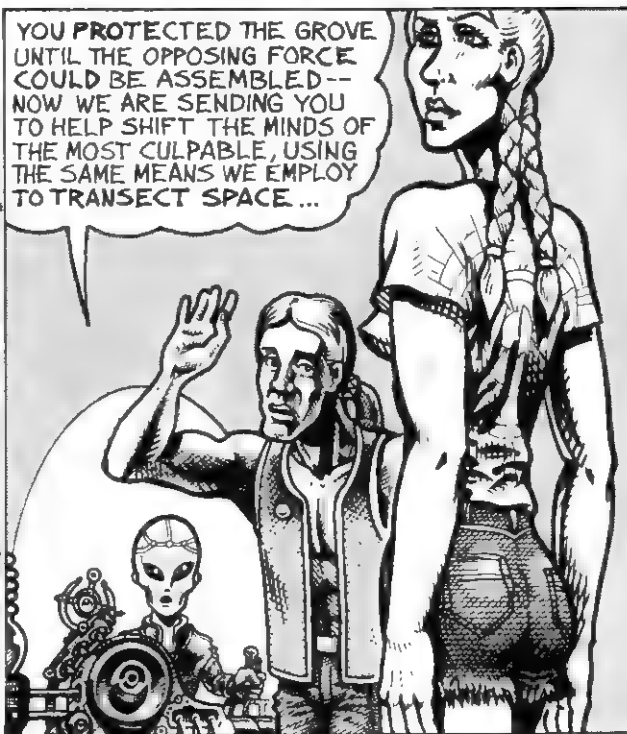
IN THEIR PREOCCUPATION WITH EVENTS DOWN BELOW, BUZZ AND CHRYSTAL FAIL TO SEE THE HOVERING SHADOW JUST ABOVE THEM...



UH-OH--- HERE WE GO AGAIN!



YOU PROTECTED THE GROVE UNTIL THE OPPOSING FORCE COULD BE ASSEMBLED-- NOW WE ARE SENDING YOU TO HELP SHIFT THE MINDS OF THE MOST CULPABLE, USING THE SAME MEANS WE EMPLOY TO TRANSECT SPACE ...





AT THE SAME TIME, THE PLANETARY DESPOILERS MEET IN AN EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM.

WE ARE ABOUT TO EMBARK ON AN ERA OF  
SUPREME PROFIT FOR OUR TWO SPECIES...



WE ARE GATHERED HERE TO CELEBRATE OUR  
ALLIANCE; **WE ARE TRULY ENTREPRENEURS.**

GEORGE ORWELL INSIGHTFULLY NOTED IN HIS  
"ANIMAL FARM" THAT **PROPERTY OWNERS AND  
INVESTORS ARE THE REAL HUMAN BEINGS AND  
THE REST OF THE PUBLIC ARE ESSENTIALLY THERE  
TO BE USED TO ENHANCE THE LIVES OF THE TRUE  
HUMANS... US.**

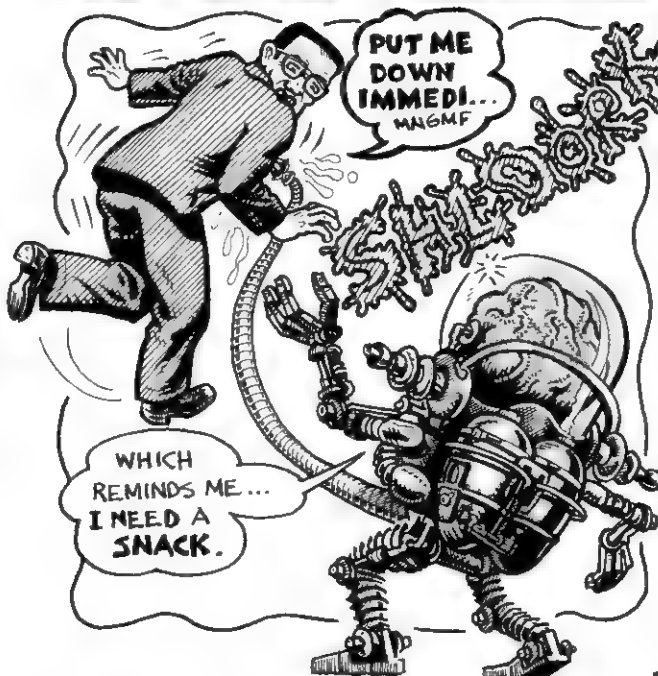
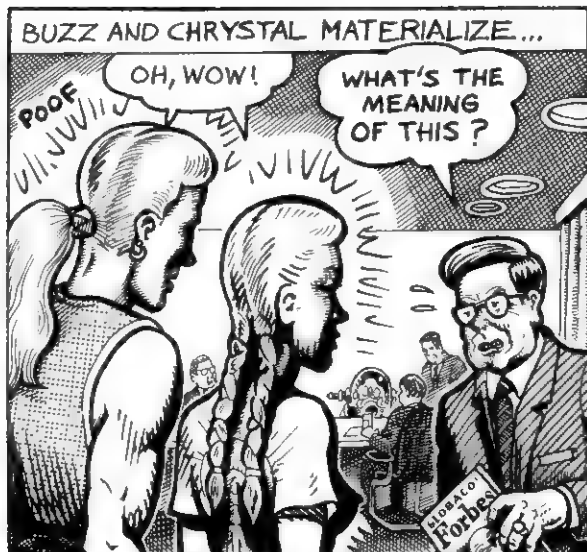


PEOPLE ARE THERE TO BE MILKED. THERE IS  
AN **ORDER** IN THE UNIVERSE IN WHICH THE  
TYPE THAT MUST DOMINATE EXPLOITS THE  
WEAKER TYPE - AS **RAW MATERIAL...**



WELL SAID!

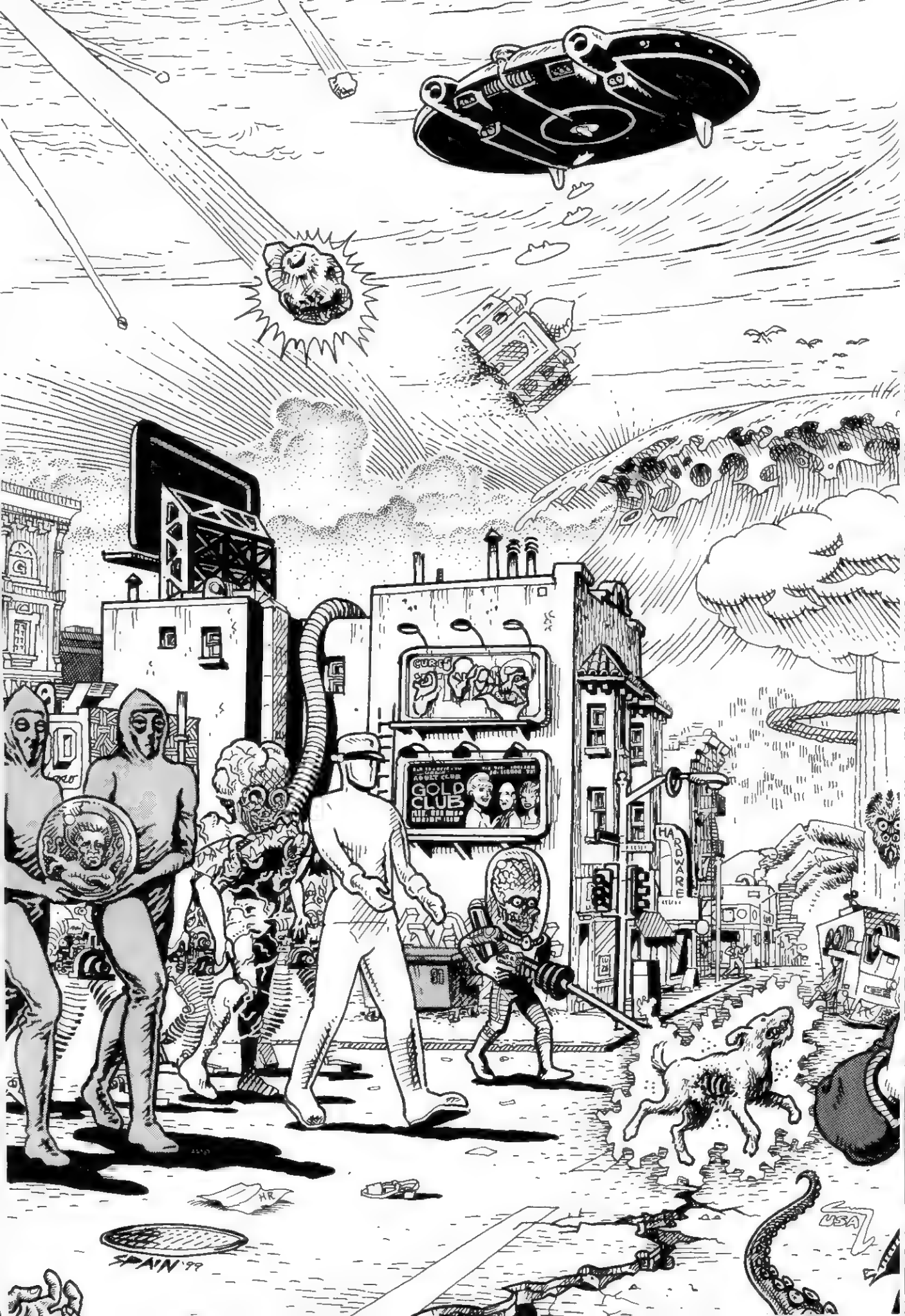




BUT THE EXECUTIVES' CONCERN FOR THEIR C.E.O.'S DISTRESS IS INTERRUPTED BY A GROWING NOISE OUTSIDE...







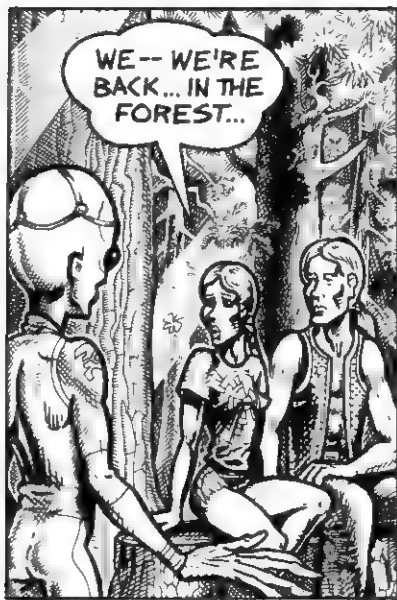
IN THE CHAOS OF THE MOMENT, BUZZ DECIDES TO TAKE ACTION...



THE STAIRS! THEY'VE BEEN BLOWN AWAY!







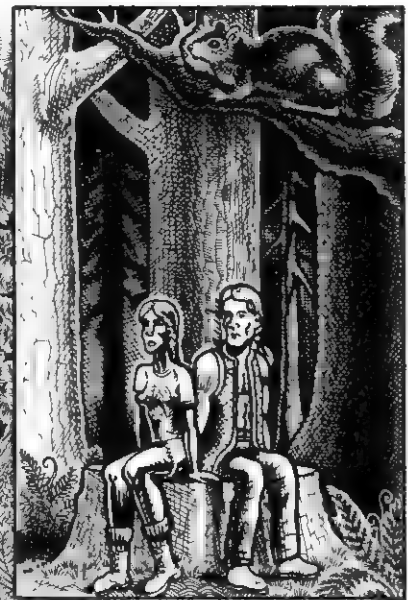
WE-- WE'RE  
BACK... IN THE  
FOREST...



YOU HAVE SEEN THE END,  
BUT NOT THE END FOR YOU,  
MY FRIENDS...

FAREWELL...

HE'S  
FADING  
OUT!



I'M HUNGRY...

DID IT  
HAPPEN?

MAYBE WE  
JUST SAW TOO  
MANY SCI-FI  
MOVIES...



BUT-- DON'T YOU SEE? IT DOESN'T  
MATTER WHETHER OR NOT **THEY**  
WERE REALLY HERE--  
**WE'RE HERE NOW!**

"WE'RE AT THE CROSSROADS OF A NEW ERA. IT'S UP TO EACH OF US TO ACT TO MAKE THE RIGHT CHOICE FOR OURSELVES -- AND THE FUTURE OF OUR PLANET. WE'LL STAND TOGETHER TO DEFEND THIS EARTH."



SPAIN &  
H.R.

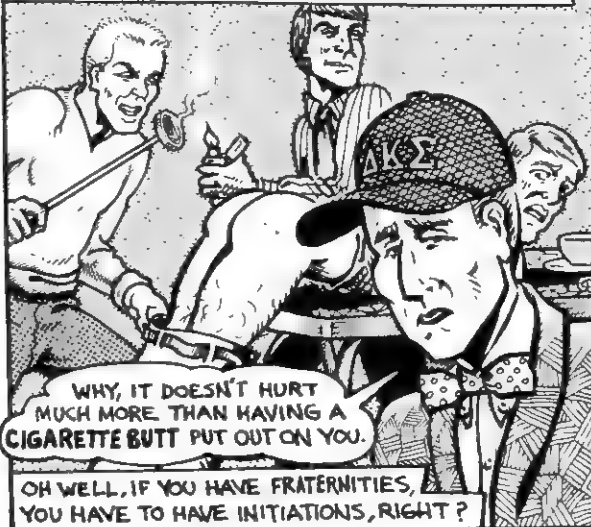
*The  
End*

# ALIEN APOCALYPSE

## 2006



PERHAPS "PRESIDENT" BUSH'S IDEAS OF "COMPASSIONATE CONSERVATISM" COME FROM HIS FRATERNITY DAYS.



WHY, IT DOESN'T HURT MUCH MORE THAN HAVING A CIGARETTE BUTT PUT OUT ON YOU.

OH WELL, IF YOU HAVE FRATERNITIES, YOU HAVE TO HAVE INITIATIONS, RIGHT?

AT LEAST THREE ARRESTS (ONE FOR D.U.I.) ARE ON RECORD.



WHILE BUSH'S TERMS AS TEXAS GOVERNOR WAS MARKED BY AN EXECUTION-HAPPY "LAW 'N' ORDER" APPROACH, HE REFUSED TO ANSWER QUESTIONS ABOUT HIS OWN YOUTH.



IT'S NICE TO HAVE A DADDY WHO CAN CHANGE CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR INTO "YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION."

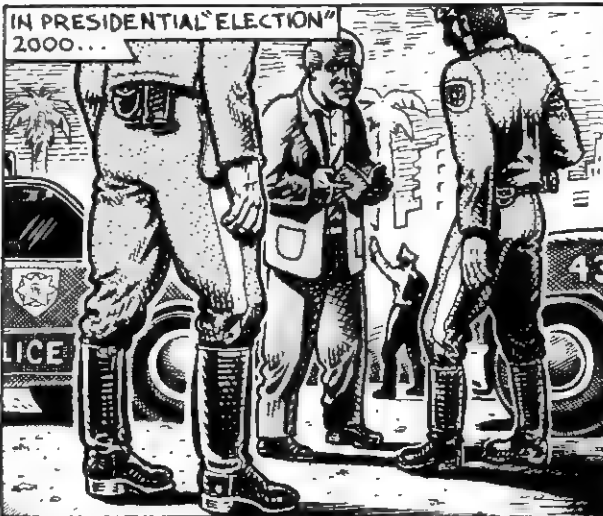
CORPORATE LEADERS WERE ECSTATIC.



AH! THE SMELL OF PROSPERITY!

BUSH SHOWED THE WAY IN TEXAS WITH "FREE MARKET ENVIRONMENTALISM."





IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION  
2000...

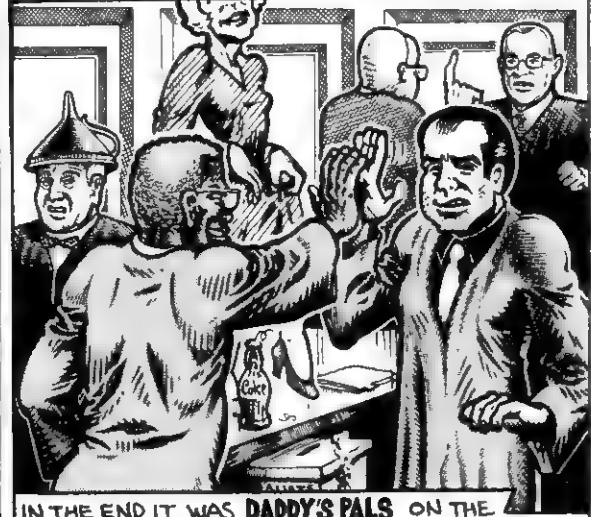
...POLICE ROADBLOCKS WERE SET UP OUTSIDE  
PREDOMINANTLY BLACK POLLING PLACES IN SOUTH FLORIDA.



IF THIS DIDN'T DO THE TRICK, A PHONE CALL CAME  
FROM HIGH PLACES IN MIAMI TO STOP THE VOTE COUNT.



JUST TO MAKE CERTAIN, HOUSE WHIP  
TOM DELAY SENT A RENT-A-MOB TO STOP THE COUNT.



IN THE END IT WAS DADDY'S PALS ON THE  
SUPREME COURT WHO HANDED BUSH THE PRESIDENCY.



NOW LET  
JESUS  
GUIDE MY HAND!

\$\$\$\$\$  
\$\$\$\$\$  
\$\$\$\$\$

AMERICA WAS MEANT  
TO BE A REPUBLIC,  
NOT A DEMOCRACY.

THIS IS EASIER  
THAN WE THOUGHT!

YOU HEARD ME-  
50,000  
ALASKAN  
OIL SHARES.  
BUY!

CONSERVATIVES LOVE TO MAKE A LOT OF NOISE ABOUT "LAW AND ORDER" BECAUSE THEY THINK THEY'RE ABOVE  
THE LAW. THEIR ANTICS IN THE 2000 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION SEEM TO PROVE THEM RIGHT. BUT IT AIN'T OVER...



## Afterword by Harry S. Robins

**T**he story you have just read is a mixture of influences—an agreeable one, we hope.

Abduction by “aliens” was at one time a subject confined to the pages of the great pulp science fiction magazines of the early to mid-twentieth century. It was then entertained as a concept only by their readers. But it has long since become a staple of American folklore, particularly that of California. Filtered through comic books and Hollywood movies, the shared image of the saucermen (they are not in fact, usually women) is now familiar to all levels of society.

There is agreement on their particulars and their activities. They like to scoop up their human captives and subject them to a range of experiences. Some of these, as one would expect, are appropriately mystifying and opaque to human understanding. Other elements of their behavior seem to hint at a frankly sexual interest.

A further development in the belief is that there are Good as well as Bad aliens. The bad ones, of course, serve all the uses of paranoia. The good, on the other hand, have a genuine interest in human beings and a sincere desire to help them, to bring them (especially in California, typically) to a more enlightened state of consciousness.

Kathy Glass has enlisted the cooperation of this latter type of aliens in the very real ongoing struggle to preserve our planet’s irreplaceable biological treasures from the fatal rapacity of those shortsighted, greedy and immensely powerful men who, while ostensibly

running our civilization, embody the worst of its nature.

And the aliens, along with those innocents in peril, our hero and heroine, have other help, namely the legendary Bigfoot or Sasquatch, the wild Forest Man or Forest Ape of the Pacific Northwest, together with the animals of the vanishing wild. They even have help from the late Judi Bari, an activist whose love for California's ecology and trials at the hands of the FBI are not forgotten in this state. Eventually they are joined by all the apocalyptic monsters from our popular culture, from monster movies to bubble gum cards—all, that is, that Spain and I could draw.

Why so far-fetched a premise? Well, why not? If we love the natural world, if we are sickened by the feeling, particularly after the ominous presidential "election" of the portentous Year 2000, that unforgivable destruction will continue to proceed despite all our wishes and efforts, if all the forces we can call on seem helpless to effect change, then why not call on aliens, monsters, Yetis, the dream-dwellers who we hope are out there, just beyond the circle of our firelight? If human intervention cannot prevail, let us invoke those spirits who, by residing in the mystery of hidden Nature, embody its magic and its power. These are figures from what African writer Amos Tutuola called the Bush of Ghosts.

Our alien friends, for example, are, apart from their quasi-scientific trappings, recognizable from other mythologies. Are they not those same little men, common to all cultures, who have been abducting villagers all the way back to the beginnings of the human race?

It's a curious thing; if you wanted a more exciting story, why not giants instead of midgets? But the accounts do not vary. The abductors must be of diminished stature, just as the abductees must always be of a rural, countrified character. Whoever heard of kings or dukes being stolen away by the elves? It is always the simple farmer who is taken captive by the Little People to visit their unearthly kingdom.

Often, one who is chosen for this honor by, say, the Leprechauns, spends a night, or maybe a week and a day, under their enchanted hill, only to emerge and find that in the village twenty years have passed and all those they knew have aged or died. In America it happened to Rip Van Winkle. Curiously, science tells us that such a disorienting contraction of the space-time continuum is what those who travel at

the greatest possible relativistic velocities in space should expect.

Kathy's aliens are, as I have said, engaged in the fight to preserve the wild. This is something new, but until recently they never had such a strong motive to be so involved. They hover in the background, performing experiments on people (and marijuana plants, a nice touch). At first they do not enter the fray themselves.

They recruit our young couple to the struggle, helping them find their place in the ranks through a mixture of intuition and trial-and-error. The alien leader, Prak, manipulates their movements and sends them into battle. His name suggests "praxis," or "practice," as distinguished from theory. He knows what must be done. So does the resurrected persona of Judi Bari.

In our story, however, before Buzz and Chrystal can really do anything, all Hell breaks loose. Multiple Armageddons converge—we have to remember that the end of the world, whether through earthquakes or all of California being inundated by the ocean, is also part of the lore of the West Coast. Our protagonists are witnesses, survivors.

We have Bad aliens also. They are the descendants of some of the menacing invaders depicted in the late, great EC comic books of the 1950s, lovingly rendered by Spain Rodriguez. This classic pulp influence makes itself felt here in a timely context. They are a cautionary example of a possible hellish fate of those whose rejection of their natural origins is total.

Spain gave them their racial name, the Nasmork, which is a Russian word meaning "cold." And cold they are to any hope of a benign interaction. By destroying outer Nature they have destroyed it in themselves, becoming hideous, diseased, degenerate. Their mechanical devices keep them alive, but, contained in metal shells, they exist without any real pleasures. The only delight they know is that of destruction. And on Earth they have found human allies.

This brings us to the final members of the gallery of characters. These cosmic Quislings are the corporate villains whose depredations cannot be condemned enough, whose evil husbandry of the lands they control is synonymous with violation. Spain's sharp satirical eye has rendered them instantly recognizable. His depiction of their personalities, of their very physiognomy is spot-on. He certainly knows how to draw



their Chief, the unelected but selected President of the United States in this Year of Grace.

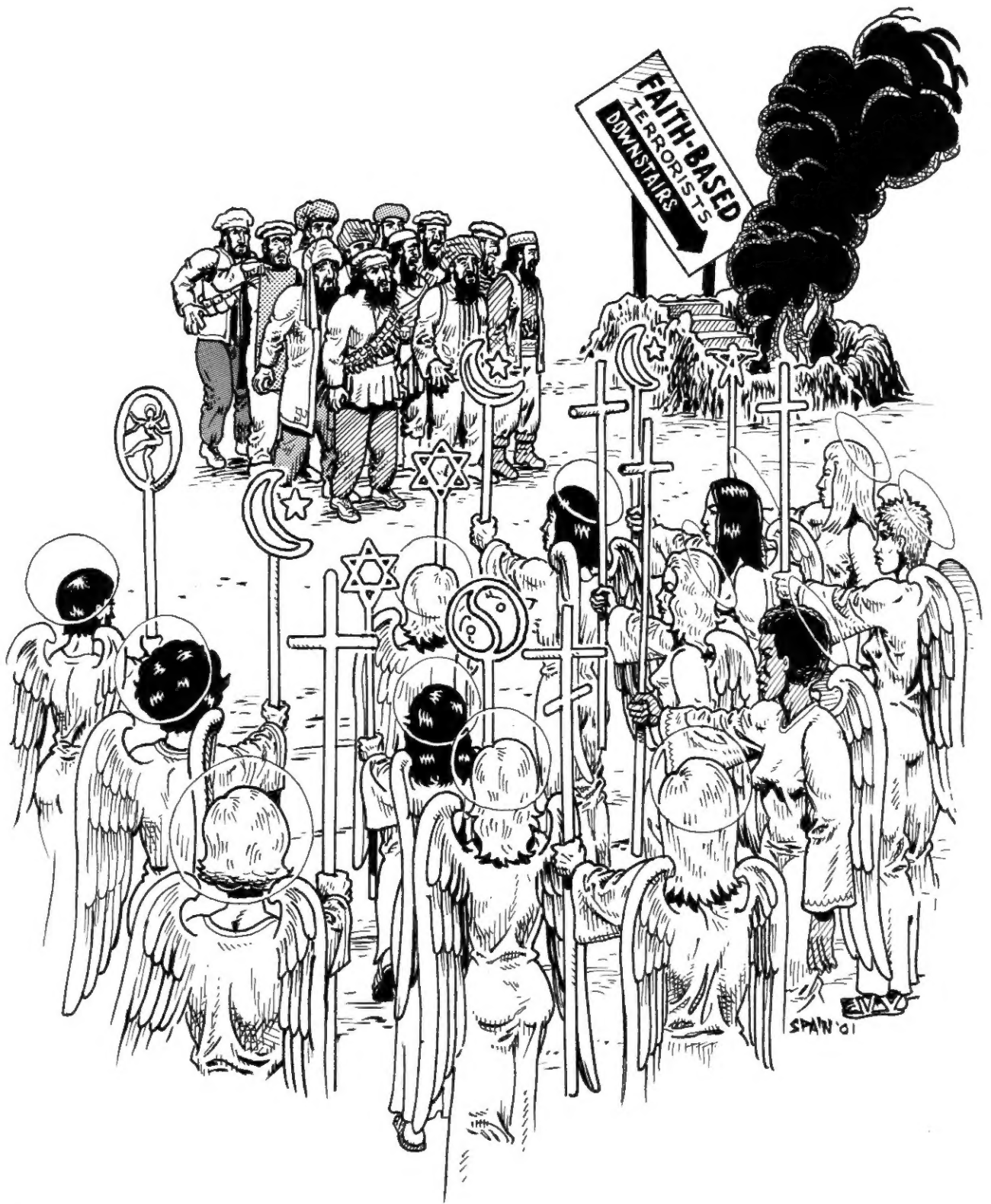
We may hear from the talking hairdos on television of environmental “victories.” But there are none. There are only stalemates. All “environmentalists” want is to leave the natural world as it is. But the other side can indeed win the war, for what is gone can never return, not for all the fecundity of Nature or the prodigal ingenuity of human scientific knowledge.

The same voices constantly exhort us to celebrate the fall of Russian Communism and our “winning” of the Cold War. Actually, of course, Communism persists in other countries and the truth is that we could well stand a similar overhaul of predatory Capitalism on these shores—at least a little Glasnost and Perestroika of our own. The “unfettered hand of the Free Market” seems to be engaged in stealing everything in California that is not nailed down, while our infrastructure crumbles and we shiver, deprived of heat and power, in our overpriced homes. We are a people in need.

So bring on the Apocalypse, or any number of Apocalypses, if that’s what it takes.

San Francisco  
February, 2001





# 9-11-2001

**O**n this morning, their story was at least as good as ours. Their story annihilated ours. Made of raw materials, the symbols of the West were smashed into one another and obliterated. Burning and then crumbling towers proved more powerful than all the governments and markets in the world—simple, raw, and protean, a horrifically compounded plume of smoke spilling across the immaculate blue of time.

This is what “real” looks like, they said. This is the Muslim world. They brought to our doorstep the threatened, dangerous planet they live inside of, not fortress America but tinder of astonishing, cruel histories. They left us alive against a guileless sword’s edge of unknown future.

The attack was not from Islam. Western civilization has long been invading Old Earth, the remnants of Stone-Age patriarchy and its bellicose gods. The Neanderthal priesthood struck back. It said, you think we lack armies; well, try this! It said, you cannot impose your reality on the whole of creation and have it stick. It said, the Mother of all Battles has just begun.

Jihad has no design to protect forests; yet it shares with Earth First a mission to blow up McWorld: SUV dealerships and luxury hotels torched; Egyptians in the streets crying, “Bullseye!” each time planes hit the World Trade Center . . . Dylan Klebold’s and Eric Harris’ dream finale to Columbine, Timothy McVeigh and the Unabomber trading sly anti-global apocalypses between their cells.

There are no noncombatants. When Mordor strikes, it cares for your ideas about as much as a jackal or tarantula does.

It was “badder” than mr. bigshot rapping his baddest-ass jive. Because he’s not bad enough to tie a necklace of explosives around his waist or fly a planeload of men, women, and children into a building. High and mighty in his duds and jive, he can’t touch the suicide bomber as rock star.

Al Qaeda issued its critique of the blasphemies of the American entertainment empire. They were arrogant mockeries of Satanism anyway. Then Satan came. Hollywood's towering infernos, explosives, car chases, killer asteroids were suddenly rendered fraudulent and hollow by people incinerated and jumping from buildings being vaporized.

Satan enters the circle, seizes jetplanes bearing passengers, smashes them into the Pentagon and Trade Towers, sacrifices thousands of beings on a pyre of Arabian aviation fuel, gypsum, and steel. Candles, crosses, and flags with stars and stripes then drive the beast back out of the circle.

This far from enlightenment, no act is diabolic enough to spread only evil. If forces of hate and inhumanity run amok, love and compassion arise spontaneously from their debris. In a flash of future shock a dull layer of superficiality, alienation, virtual reality, greed lifted off the land. Policemen, firemen, rescue workers—we were all together again.

Wake up! was the hidden meaning, the meaning they didn't want to let out. They planned chaos, anarchy. They got *"God bless America, land that I love. . ."* Not jingoism but a hymn uniting us in our suddenly cherished and vulnerable pluralism.

"Death is the highest bliss," their leaders told them. "God had to veil it because if people knew how wonderful it is, no one would stay."

Thus they were willing to go, even ecstatically, over the edge into their imagined paradise as martyrs. But we would not let our heroes, our victims and loved ones vanish without souls and destinies too.

Al Qaeda did far more than carry the twenty-first century battlefield into the cities of the West or missile shields into outer space; it took us into a war that recognizes no boundary between the living and the dead.

Yet I doubt they will each find seventy virgins awaiting them at a banquet. More likely they will travel for untold eons, barely conscious, ghosts wandering in a nightmare, in a fog of the pain and longing, the rage and regret they set loose.



Fighting mad? Or dulled into apathy? In case you haven't noticed, the moment of creation continues to unfold. There are choices to be made every day. You can't beg off even if you try.

After the hypocalypse of Y2K and the election of 2000, it became clear that the worst-case scenario would be (and is) that nothing changes. Alien visitation sounds better and better all the time.

If you're not living on the edge, you're taking up too much space.

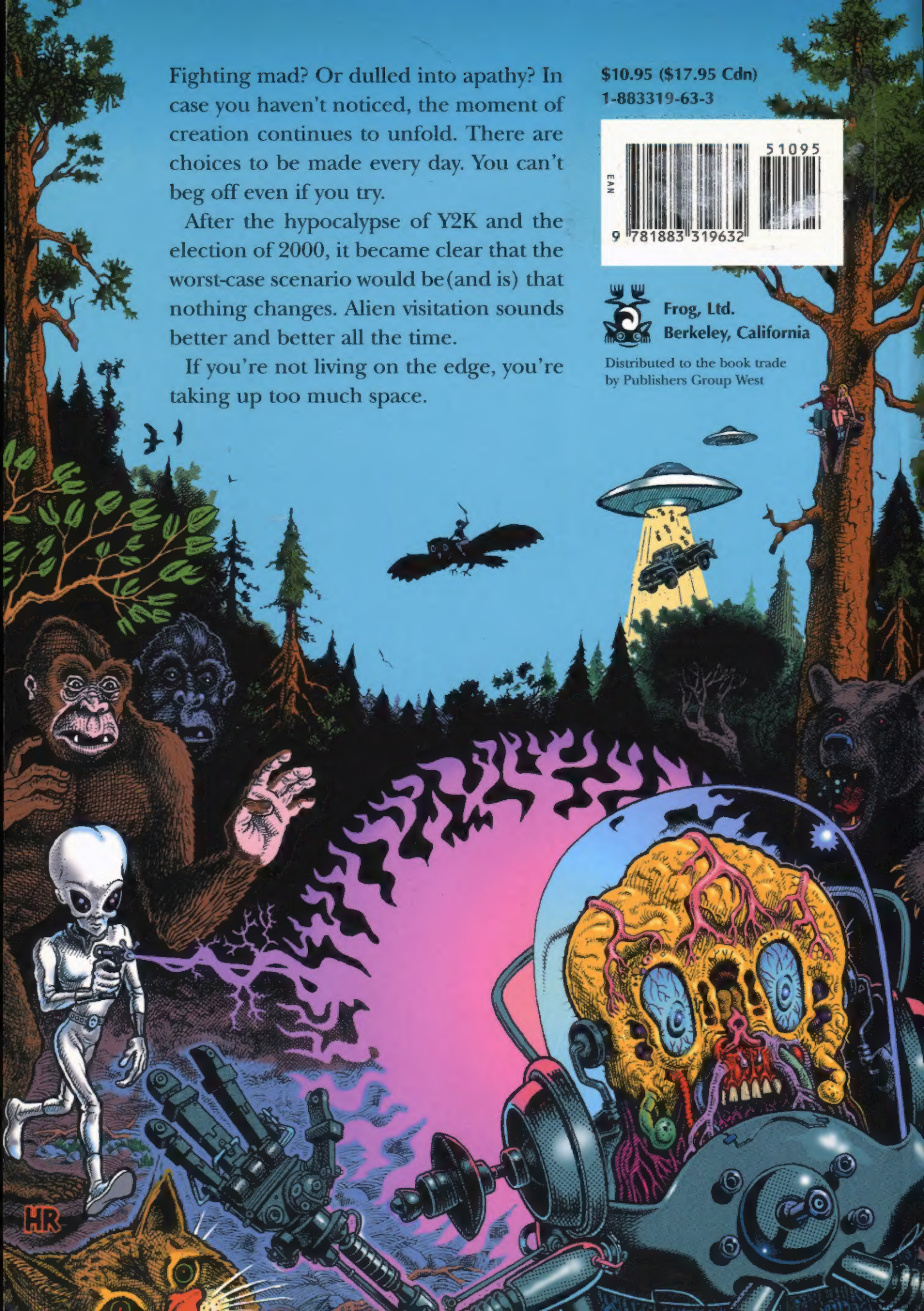
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1-883319-63-3



Frog, Ltd.  
Berkeley, California

Distributed to the book trade  
by Publishers Group West



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